Next Week: "A Fair Bridget," a Story of Love and Intrigue on Two Continents.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

ROMANCE, DEPARTMENTS AND EVENTS

A MODERN HOME WEEKLY OF

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SYMPATHY.

BY CORA CRANE WILSON.

There is something to and hearts more true
Than words of loving praise for work well done;
Here welcome than the joyous notes that greet
The safe home coming of the wandering one.

Oft when our dull eyes burn with tears in vain
At some great sorrow we may be called to bear,
Soft 'neath the shadow of a love that's dead
Then comes sympathy, and with her
Her working touch our inmost heart cells
And tenderly she mends the broken
That kept apart a life from humankind,
And hope rekindled gleameth bright again.

A BOOMER BELLE.

A Girl Who Preferred Holding Down a Claim to Teaching School.

How the Boomers Crossed the Guarded Line When the Cannon Sounded, and How a Pretty Girl Foiled a Horse Thief--Cupid Crops Out, Even on the Boomer Line, and a Handsome Loser Makes One Fast Friend by a Bit of Bravery.

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

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CHAPTER I.

THUNDERBOLT.

"Stand aside, Jim Grather! Give a dyin' man a chance. I've got a right to get there, an' I'm goin' to get there!"

In a tent, but feed resting on a saddle, lay Sam Hardwick, his face pale, his eyes bright, and his voice quivering with excitement. Kneeling beside him was Jim Grather, a young man of twenty-five, who was trying to hold the sick man down.

When he spoke, although his voice trembled with weakness, there was a determined ring to it, and the low-browed, curly-headed man who was bending over him smiled grimly.

"I'm sorry you're a cussin', Dan't you know that it's best for you to stay here? It'll be best for you by tomorrer! You can't ride fifty miles to-day, an' you want to go, sin yet! I kin." There was a silence now and Jim Grather spoke again with a kind of imploring assurance; "I'll pass ye across the line, Sam, I swear it!"

The sick man half raised on his arm, while a sun burst over his face.

"Yes, I do know ye, Jim Grather. What am I to you? Whatever are you? Nothin', God knows! You ain't honest, Jim, an' you know it. I don't have a right to have you around me when I'm so near gone. But I'll tell you what I am the first words of ole Bob Burbank to you are these: I'm a man that loves the girls' would give ye Thunderbolt. He's the best horse in the West, an' I'll give you that value blind! I'll get the cheapest quarter section I can find for you. Jim Grather! Thunderbolt for forty-three hundred dollars!"

With these words, old Burbank turned toward a girl who had just entered the tent with a cup of water. Casting a distrustful glance at Jim Grather she stepped on her knees and pressed the cup to the sick man's lips. When he slightly drained, old Robert uttered a long sigh. "I've known Sam's girl for fifteen years, but I never tasted anything half so good as them mouthfuls of water, Sam. Thank ye, girl."

"Do you feel better, Mr. Burbank?" the girl said as she let knee and her white hands rest on the ground out beside her mother.

"Better, Sam? Why, I'm as strong and sumbrerose; soldiers of duty (talkin, and perobbers, all the same to me!) Hi, cusp; auctioneers crying the auctio, bankers, merchants, and lawyers, all in the shape of horsefesh, and the intelligent gents with a hoss on their mind, where—boomers with ox-goads in their hands, schoolmarms with their spring wagons through the streets, boomers with their wives and children—every one of 'em!

"Why, Sam, it's a sight that's worth, in short, twenty-five thousand boomers—twenty-five, I say, all waiting against a shanty which bore the alliterative sign, "The Toughest Thunderbolt in Texas!" was a bronzed, handsome young man, herculean in build and dressed in a blue shirt, soft felt hat and vivid red handkerchief knotted around his throat. He could not have been older than five and twenty, but his face was stern and set and bright and roved over the scene before him with a quick, searching glance. His long, sweeping fellow mustaches, however, did not conceal the smile which lit up his face with unconcealed pride as a bullet plowed its way through the outlaw's heart.

With his eyes fixed on the sky he never saw the girl's face. Its color had left it, and she trembled violently as she watched the dying man. Then, as the last breath left his body, she turned and looked at the man who had killed him. He was standing with his head bare, his eyes fixed on the sky, and his face as pale as the dead man's. Then, as if he felt the girl's gaze upon him, he turned and looked at her. Their eyes met, and for a moment they looked at each other in silence. Then the girl spoke, and her voice was low and tremulous.

"Why did you kill him?" she asked.

"Because I had to," he answered. "He was a horse thief, and I was the sheriff of this county. I had a warrant for his arrest, and he resisted me. I had to shoot him in self-defense."

"Are you sure, Jim Grather?" she asked, and her voice was cold and distrustful.

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"I'm sure you are a coward, Don't say that I'll place no more faith in you! Could it be true to say by tomorrer? You can't ride fifty miles to-day, an' you want to go, sin yet! I kin." There was a silence now and Jim Grather spoke again with a kind of imploring assurance; "I'll pass ye across the line, Sam, I swear it!"

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troubled himself and hewing low, caring in his head, not the question, hoping against hope, that it might be answered in the affirmative:

"My name is Adolf Reski. I come from Dania. I am principal of the school there. Last night, my only daughter left home for the plaza. She came with the intention of serving in the capacity of nurse in your hospital. I ask you, is she here?"

He paused, breathless, awaiting the answer. The two white and pasted, the two brown clasped convulsively, the two eyes charged expectantly.

The sister gravely, solemnly, taking in with her glance the intellectual forehead, with its bright, clear-seeing eyes, and noting, above all, the look of benevolence that lighted up the features.

"An ordinary man," she said to herself, "and one who has suffered deeply."

"It is true, my daughter you seek?" she inquired, gently.

"It is, indeed."

"Her name once again."

"Rosalie Reski."

The kindly brow contracted, and the sister looked for her questioner.

"We have none here of that name so that I recall just at present," she answered, "but we have had many come and go within the last day or two. Your daughter may have been among them perhaps. They come with the hest intention, but they are not fitted for the work. Many are unable to withstand even fanciful sights."

She waved her hand slightly in the direction of the room, and the father, with poor, emaciated charges were tossing on their lowly pallets.

"Ah, no; here are sights and sounds that that might disgust even the strongest of our tender sex."

The sister continued, "it will be an easy matter for you to find her if she should she has been or is here now—though the latter is not likely—in the morning. Work is not possible to withstand even fanciful sights."

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She looked again upon her visitor and smiled mildly.

"Your daughter was a Jewess, was she not?"

"Yes, madame," cried Reski, eagerly. "You know her then? You have seen her? You know where she is now? Oh, tell me, tell me, I beg of you, tell me that she is all I have in the world."

As the sister described the wards he went on eagerly and excitedly, but as she mentioned each one he heard, but a second time we see him out and out.

She was a beautiful girl, madame, the wife of a merchant, the lady of the mansion and dark, the left Dania last night in company with a gentleman from Warsaw, a rich Saigneur, one we had known some time and who was supposed to have arrived with him late last evening, and he promised to be all in the world saved to deliver my darling to your care.

"Let him beware," he added, suddenly and savagely, "if he has wronged my daughter, I will have his life."

Sister Rosalie, the Jew, passed from the shadow of the hospital door and into the brilliant sunlight, and looked down on a man moved, who knows on foot, and a man who gave him a look and smile.

Zukata Baski had never set foot within the walls of the hospital.

He had one hope left. The superior of the convent could not help him, and no one coming into Saulsia had been compelled to register himself at headquarters. He inquired the way and went there boldly.

"Can I see the register for the month of the superior?" he asked.

"You see a number of you not? Why you can get passes from the larger

[illegible] it on the street, was assisted to the door by a servant.

He said not longer than the absence of the gentleman from the room, and within the pale in twenty-four hours, I will turn you out."

The Jew trembled again.

"Everything shall be done," he murmured. "The persecutions against my unfortunate people are very severe. To whom can I look for aid?"

A still greater wretch seemed to whisper to the unfortunate man.

"Not a single settlement of agony is refused to any."

"Then God ever forsake thee! I am the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, and the God of the Jew and of Angel, and I will not forsake you. Be comforted, my child, and trust in me."

Vivyr grew calm, and if I must, I will return within the pale. But if you have a heart I beg of you, by the love of my daughter, Zenaia Reski, set foot lately within the pale of Sunday."

The official turned to the register. "How long back?" he asked.

"Since was to have arrived last night," replied the Jew, "in company with one Petri Korgunof."

"Ah," replied the official, shutting up the register with a bang, "she has not been here, not has your precious friend, Petri Korgunof."

CHAPTER IX.

Two days later Adolf Reski entered the city of Warsaw.

He knew that in the Saigneur's house was the only chance of finding Petri Korgunof, and he determined to force an entrance at the peril of a death as the abductor of his daughter.

It was one of the handsomest residences in the city. Its broad, high, plate windows looked out upon the monument erected by Lasinka to the memory of his father Sigismund III. In this square, on April 30, 1892, the bodies of the two unresisting Poles were massacred.

Next entered the former capital of Poland unmoved by the sight of its splendors, the palaces, the gilded cupolas, the towers of matted snow, which in the early morning sun seemed to twist from the Carpathian mountains, the broad river, the bridges of boats, the bridge of stone, the high embankments, the fortress, the bridges of boats, which, extending for one thousand six hundred and twenty-six feet across the black and turbid waters, connect the city with the right bank of the river, facing at the entrance were rude earthlodges with wheat. Above him the castle, standing on one of the highest of the seven ancient court and gardens, towered with imposing effect. The Jew stood in the midst of the stately edifice and muttered softly to himself as he looked up at the sky.

A Nihilist is now no beauty in the intelligence of the age. But the Jew of the fields of Warsaw's thirty palaces had been connected with the cause of the Pretender. Sussianed Poland found the condition of her people unbearable, and was deluded by the purchasing of that unfortunate Russian Empire. Her people suffered long and bore their burdens, and prosperity should have been the daily portion of her people, but secretly, we fall the true band of the Colossus of the north.

Reski passed before the great mansion and his heart sank within him. Should he perhaps within its walls was his daughter, her beloved Zenaia.

Should he go boldly to the great door of the house, and knock, and demand admittance?

With the facts in its possession, had he not been a Jew, and chosen to stake his case to the sentiments, he could have demanded admittance in the name of the law.

He went, instead, to a side entrance, and, pulling on a bauble, set a heavy bell tolling dismally in the great church yard.

One of Korgunof's lackeys answered the summons.

The two men stood facing each other for a few moments. A glance of nobody recognized him, and he spoke quickly.

"Petri Louis Korgunof, for it was none other, gave me confidential valet of Korgunof, laid out his head, exhibited herself from the chamber-window. She was thrown down in the night in the garden and reached the river. The boat, with broken chain and one oar missing, was found near the opposite bank the next morning, suffering evidently in the manner of her flight. It is my belief that the girl threw herself overboard, and in doing somewhere. Of course I did not know she was pretty enough."

With the damning evidence of suicide against him, the Jew was not easily suspected. Whereupon he was nearly struck down by another attendant of Petri Korgunof, who had been left behind to keep the latter's wheelchairs. He was known to be the servant to him post-blank, when Karpen said:

"Now, Jew, look! Let the house that night, he had obtained from the valet the address of the house in the Saigneur's, and at early dawn of the next day under the protection of the local authorities Adolf Reski had set out for the capital.

An ardent Nihilist, he would not suffer even his daughter's honor to stand between Korgunof and his fell victim. "Once that accomplished, however," he argued, "I will have a care for you, Zenaia, to work for you."

Such was the father's love, but it seemingly within his breast.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

THE POISON BUSH.

It is said that in the Bahama islands a bush is found whose leaves exhale a poisonous gas.

A little colored boy one day took refuge under a bush of this kind from a short and sudden shower. The water from the leaves dripping upon his head soon his so terribly that he died in a few hours. Two white boys who had taken shelter with him also died in a few hours, but that a remedy always grew near it. If the little boy had known this fatality. They were talking some dis-

"There is no one here by that name."

tance from the camp, and brother Nate was far ahead of them, so Lee, deeming time and labor sufficient, ran down and close to Kate, took her head to his, and began very earnestly to talk. The appearance of his anxiety or her belief.

Lee walked on slowly, and Nate got so far ahead that he was lost to sight. Then Lee stopped, and, as he was close, drew Kate to him, and, looking down into her face, said, in a voice that showed the moments stopped away and the night grew darker, and the stars grew brighter, all unheeded.

At last Lee said something in a passionate voice. It was question, and a question that demanded an answer. Kate was provokingly long in framing it, but when it came, faintly, and with a pair of lips flushed a negress to which Lee replied with hungry and rapid kisses.

The settlement was no sooner ratified than the lovers became aware that Nate was moving on and calling loudly:

"Kate! Is that you Kate?"

"Yes, you—wait a bit, Nate!"

"Wait! Why, what's been stolen, Kate? Where are you?"

"Wait! Thunderation! You can't see me, you—you—you—interlocutor."

"I do mean it. The horse was out when I left, and I'm afraid he's been a-gone and can't be found."

Nate began to run again and examined, as well as he could, the country around. Finding it useless to attempt to return directly, he started a brief distance, and, coming to the camp, but could learn nothing. None of the others had seen the horse, and, without any remembrance of losing the horse himself.

The following day Lee looked over the country closely, as he had told Nate that Thunderbolt was a favorite set of Kate's, and that she could not ride. Nate's opinions of other horses. But his ground was not favorable to the search, and he returned disappointed.

Leaving the camp, he went into the woods, and, after a long search, found that Easter Sunday, he had failed to find the animal, and, returning to the others, he told them that he could learn nothing about the horse, and that the horse was gone.

From those circumstances, Lee, Cottrell, and Nate, and Kate, drew several correct conclusions, and the two of these were that Thunderbolt was gone, and taken Thunderbolt was gone, and that the horse was gone, and that he had declined to ride his life.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ONSET ON.

Tuesday morning dawned in a bank of clouds, and a misty, drizzling rain, made the weather unpleasant, and the ground so soft and muddy that it was out of traveling. But, although the rain might dampen the ardor of the party, it could not damper the ardor of thirty thousand boomers, who were waiting on the line for the word, "Go!"

At 10 o'clock in the morning Nate

DIPPED

I lavished on her every [illegible]
To convince and to [illegible]
I took her. We went o[illegible]
In short, where [illegible]

I was her most devoted [illegible]
For nearly half a [illegible]
Of her encounted [illegible] rave
I was [illegible] to [illegible]

I call her flowers, and [illegible], too,
In token of my [illegible]
It thrilled my being [illegible] and through
To listen to her [illegible]

Then, why, you ask me, [illegible] hurt,
Why [illegible] [illegible]
Well—I've just learned [illegible] flirt
And I'm not [illegible] [illegible]

A BOOMER BELLE;

OR,

A Race for a Home.

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

(Continued from First Page.)

Kate leaped from the saddle until a perfect [illegible] of speech.

"Hurrah for the boomer belle," cried each enthusiastic individual, and the cheers resounded with cheers.

Kate bowed again coolly and acknowledged them with a slight bow.

"What will I tell you, Lee?" she said, shaking a crisp rein before his face as she spoke, "you ought to be ashamed, you fine dollars each."

"Perhaps you are," returned Lee as he swung the saddle under his arm and they [illegible] back from the [illegible], "but you caused me a thousand dollars' worth of trouble."

"Why should you worry so much on account of a horse?" she thought, for perhaps the animal could run better than [illegible] at this remark. At any rate, the words stung.

It was growing dark. The moist dews were falling, the home chirp of frogs and cockles filled the air, and overhead the stars were twinkling faintly. They were talking some dis-

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A FINE DAY.

It is well to look at the bright side of things. If there were any ducks in this section and we had time to hunt, this would be good weather for duck hunting.

A LOST CHANCE.

Crawford—He seems to be a confirmed cynic. I didn't hear him say a good word about anybody.

Crabshaw—I know you didn't draw him out about himself.

A WATCHFUL BOY.

A critic of a Boston paper stood in the collector's gate as he opened the door of his box. "Is Mr. Edmund at home?" he inquired.

"No, sir," replied the office-boy; "he is out about seven dollars."

HOW IT IS DONE FOR DUTY.

If you will look in the dictionary some lonely, you will pick out all the short chapters, and the shortest time he read them; skip all the hard names; stop at the end of a page; wonder who Cain married, and go to bed with the morbid report in your head.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW JOKE.

His wife's mother on terrible flutter—Oh, dear! Oh, my! What shall I do? The Fourteenth Clock upstairs just left the Grand Hotel, and I'm afraid it's the very spot I stood on but a moment ago!

Her daughter's husband reassured her: Calm yourself, dear; that clock was slow.

TRYING TO PLEASE EMPLOYERS.

Mistress—I am surprised. You say you were married in the morning, and you have been out all the afternoon.

Domestic—Yes'm. You see, as the master was away, I thought I would surprise him, so we got married; but the next time they were married I would not get divorced, and I came here. Now he's home, I'll go back to him and look out for gardening, and wife to cook, so we can get married again, and I'm going there with him.

JUDGE WAKEM'S POLITICAL PROWESS.

Wakem—Why, the Grand Central Station counters that won't be one more secret ballot.

A man's mineral character ain't hurt much by his outside appearance.

You might as well watch a man that has an office that don't have a salary or fees with it.

They is a heap of a cuss fill out of coin in such more to a farmer than electin' a Congressman.

Grim's sanction for nation' ain't ever heard of in politics these days.

"Singer's Lovenge Co. Gentlemen—I tried a box of your Singer's lozenges and found them to be excellent for clearing the voice. Yours truly, CLAUDELLA."

ILLUSTRATED TESTIMONIALS.

A STORY OF EUGENE FIELD.

Eugene Field's wife is the finished[illegible] in the family. She is as good as prodigal in his expenditures and as economical in her own. Field has always had a weak eye for long and short, and intrusted him with a sum of money to make a payment on a certain insurance policy, and in an hour after he left the house he returned gaily waving a book bearing eight large pasteboard boxes. These contained a magnificent collection of butterflies—eight hundred specimens —and had been secured for a little more than one money. But Mrs. Field's only complaint was:

"Dear me, Gene, where on earth can we put the bugs?"

The house is a veritable museum of mammals and insects now.

Mrs. Robert W. Devoto

Two Christmas Dinners

In '90 a Small Was Enough

In '91 a Good Appetite

THE CHANGE THAT

KNOW THYSELF.

Dyspepsia

And I know that it is true. A year ago the most I could eat was a cracker and a cup of tea, and the next day I had that. I would more than a small, but I would suffer for it afterward. I was so I could not sleep, and my friends thought I would have been troubled with dyspepsia, and could find no relief. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using one bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and soon found myself entirely cured. I can now eat anything I like without distress. I am a new woman. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for other troubles with good results. I do not hesitate to recommend it to all who are afflicted with dyspepsia. MRS. ROBERT W. DEVOTO, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, indigestion. 25c.

PILES Positively Cured by these Little Pills. Also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Fac-Simile Signature. Headache Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

IMPERIAL Rubber Stamp & Stencil Co. 10c. BLUE PRINTS

TARLAND MFG. CO., Box 2, Fort Worth, Texas. Christian Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

ILLUSTRATED TESTIMONIALS.

YOUR FUTURE [illegible] Write your name and address plainly, and send 10c. to Chicago Chorus Co. [illegible] Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

PATENTS [illegible] Box 928, Fitzgerald Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS [illegible] WASHINGTON, D. C. Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

$5 A DAY SURE. BEST [illegible] PRICE, $5. E. E. BREWSTER, Holly, Mich. Mention Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

BEST [illegible] Chicago Ledger when writing to advertisers

AGENTS WANTED

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WAKENING.

BY CHARLES WASHINGTON CUSHMAN.

The broad white curves of the beach,
That like like a bended arm;
The waves wave their tresses over reach
To kiss each other again.

And still the hovering sky,
And still the unsoiled day,
And like far white sails, sid the seagull's wings
And the sea-path over the bay.

How many and many a time
Have I questioned the stranded shells,
If they knew, perhaps, of the magical
Where the answer of dreaming dwells,

And harkened the water's kiss,
I cannot have I dreamed alone,
That I caught but a drop like this,
And a soulful want unknown.

Have you gathered unknown things,
Have feeth the sunshine warm,
With the open wave's pressing their curves
Of the shore?
Or the white shore's bended arm.

Then for what is the day more fair?
Or how like the days of sorrow?
Oh, the sun on the gold of a woman's hair!
The love in her eyes—her face.

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A GOLDEN IDOL;

OR,

A Struggle for a Million.

By "DOLLY VARDEN."

CHAPTER XXXV.

For pleasure or pain (for threat) or for woe,
It's the law of our being, we reap what we
We may try to evade it, may do what we
But our acts like our shadows will follow
with us.

We make ourselves heroes and martyrs
for good
Yet health becomes broken and youth re-
sults in blood;
Oh, did we the same for the beautiful
Love,
Our prospects would change angels above.

We reap what we sow, Oh, wonderful
A truth hard to learn in the days of our
youth
But at last it stands out like the "hand on
the wall."
For the world has its debts and credits for
all.

THE PARDE MRS.

Arthur Nelson looked helplessly around the room. The only avenue of escape was the door, and between that object and himself were the officers.

His handsome face was deathly pale and his eyes were full of fear, like some wild animal's.

Like a flash the future arose before him. Could it be that he who had lived in luxury during his whole seven years of the morrow, would be placed behind prison bars?

Great drops of sweat gathered on his brow, moisture came to his throat, and until it hung in damp curls on his high, white forehead; and his slender form trembled like a "reed shaken with the wind."

He reached to make one bold dash for freedom.

The tall officer was too lawdiferd for that; Arthur's iron was too lawdiferd for anything but the rope.

At this one point he failed for the first time in his life, and the officer, with a quick movement, caught the wrists and handcuffed him.

As in a dream he heard the click of handcuffs, and he knew he was now a prisoner in truth, and he remembered in a manner for the crimes he had committed; until now he had escaped the clutches of the law.

Arthur did not fully realize what was taking place in the room until the shrill voice of Mrs. Delmes, who was longing for mercy, sounded.

Then the officer seemed to be filled with pity for the one fame as he grieved under the cry of terror to break from Arthur's lips, and he looked upon the man whom he had murdered in the woods, and whose life he had attempted, and appeared to him the spirit of a merciful Avenger.

"No wonder you tremble," said Paul Gleason, taking a step nearer the table.

Paul was pale, with dark circles beneath his eyes, showing he had not fully recovered from the blow that had nearly cost his life.

"You," Paul continued, sternly, "did your accomplice," pointing one long, bony finger at Mary Shurp, "whom you was lying at the bottom of the well to go down into your self-dug grave, and you remembered that whether living or dead, your deed would have been discovered. The murderer cannot keep his secret. Sooner or later, will be found for which he has sold himself to him!"

Arthur lifted his head and gazed vaguely around the room. He wished to be replied to the accusation.

But there were many witnesses. Fred Preston and Clyde Filmore were leaning carelessly against the door. By the fire-place were Mrs. Delmes, Helen Preston, and Mrs. Preston.

Arthur gave a start of surprise when he saw Mrs. Preston.

"Agnes," he exclaimed, breathlessly, "you still live! I saw you fall!"

Mrs. Powell's eyes were wet with tears as she answered:

"Your own words have shielded you from the charge of murder, Arthur. I do not know did you repay me."

"You corrupted, with I, was but a child, to marry a man whom I did not love; you were known to be a villain."

"You cannot imagine what shame I felt when I stood in the court room, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

"Then, when my husband died and I was free, when I had no one to care for either, you came between us and took from under me Mary's love, and you married you when my husband was gazing.

"He could you," she cried, passionately, "that you murdered my child?"

Arthur's lips curved scornfully.

"It ruled my prospects," he replied, in his mocking tones.

"But that is not all," continued Mrs. Powell, in her sad, musical voice, "for you made me a prisoner for life, and I would prevent a scheme that you had set on foot. I escaped from jail, I resolved to let the world know who and what you were.

The tears were fast running down Mrs. Powell's cheeks, and her dark eyes looked reproachfully at Arthur.

"You cannot know how I dread to tell you what I must do," pointing to Arthur, "as you have been informed, is not Arthur Nelson, but Andrew Clyde. Not only that, but he is my brother.

"When my mother was dying," she added, "I promised to shield him if it were in my power to do so. For many years I did so, but I cannot keep silent any longer."

She paused and Paul Gleason began in his weak, trembling voice:

"Everyone present has heard of what I have been accused; allow me to explain.

"You are aware of the will of Mrs. Muriel Boyd. By the conditions of the will her eldest nephew and niece would inherit the money provided they consented to marry each other.

"Mrs. Sara Nelson's son Arthur and Muriel Delmore are the near and heirs.

"Several years ago Mr. Nelson met a friend of his from the north. This friend was a distant relative of Mr. Boyd's.

"During the conversation, Mr. Maynard spoke about the strange will which Mrs. Boyd had made, and also of the persons knew about the will, for it was to be kept a secret until the death of the aged Cynthia years of age.

"Mr. Nelson discovered that his wife was Mrs. Boyd's sister and their son Arthur would be the heir.

"From Mr. Maynard Mr. Nelson learned he was in the hands of Mr. Sharp, a man whom he knew to be a villain, and feared her life.

"Mr. Nelson at once wrote to Mr. Sharp to learn the particulars in regard to the will, but he received no reply.

"He then concluded he would go to see Mr. Sharp.

"Papers were made out and signed to the effect that Arthur Nelson was the sole agent certificate, he placed in his safe until he could go to Mr. Sharp on his journey.

"The next morning the papers and a letter were gone, and Arthur claiming to be trusted clerk, Andrew Clark, also failed to make his appearance.

"For over two years detectives have been in search of Arthur Clark, but with no result until several months ago he was discovered.

"In the meantime Mrs. Nelson again wrote to Mr. Sharp, but received an answer in which he would not give the required proof he would not take any notice of the matter.

"Andrew Clark, when discovered, was corresponding with the nurse of Arthur Nelson, and Mr. Sharp knew of the fraud which was being carried on. Therefore, when the marriage would take place, Mr. Sharp would be in the way.

"Clark's identity was easily established, and the papers were found which he had stolen from Mr. Nelson's safe.

"Mr. Sharp was also found and he confessed.

"In the meantime Mrs. Nelson again wrote to Mr. Sharp, but received an answer stating that Arthur Nelson was dead. The

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20 YEARS OLD.

Published Every Wednesday

BY

W. D. BOYCE.

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BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions. Any one representing that connection will take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she has the knowledge of the city or village where they have been employed, and the time they have been there work. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such impersons as are now traveling from town to town in different parts of the city fraudulently claiming to be agents of the Ledger, and collecting money on the strength. Beware of strangers.

Just the paper for your wife and children. This time-tried paper is enjoyed by the Household and Youth's Department.

"IN STARVING BUREAU," the realistic serial by Mr. Anson Granville, increases in interest each week. Back numbers may be ordered.

"Boy and the Household Report," two more valuable features. Every subscriber rewards one lucky lad show sends in the largest list of names. Also do your neighbor a good turn.

The little ones take great interest in the Juvenile department. After you have read the stories to the children hand over the paper over to the children and let them have a merry time over their department.

If you can't secure a situation for your boy or lad write us and we will find The Ledger. He can easily earn several dollars every week if you live in a large place. If your place is small he can at least earn pocket money.

The opening chapters of "A Boomer Belle; or, a Rose Amid the Rocks," are found in the issue. The story is by William Wallace Cook, the author of "Don Meredith," "The Stolen Heart," and many other stories which have been in American fiction. The "Boomer Belle" is a handsome young girl who becomes weary of the endless routine of school teaching and decides to make a home for herself in the new west where she meets with all classes of people and has many adventures. She experiences being those of the average settler. As a whole the story is a faithful picture of the exciting scenes recently enacted on and near the line guarded by the troopers.

NEXT week "A Fair Bridget" will begin in The Ledger. It is the story of a spruce, true-hearted girl, possessing "the fatal gift of beauty," who is forced to go into service in order to obtain a livelihood. She enters the service of a rich aristocratic family, where she is treated with very little consideration until the arrival of the heir of the house, who is the hope of the family. Rule falls madly in love with the beautiful servant girl and the opening chapters describe some very pretty and interesting scenes in which the two are the central figures. The story is a most delightful one of love, romance and adventure. She was born in London in 1795, and began her literary stories at the early age of four, and her pencil was as precocious as her pen, some sketches playfully made on the back of a letter when she was a child of twelve including the great caricaturist Cruikshank to offer to take her as his special pupil. She produced a great deal of her ultimate success, to deal, what was somewhat unusual in those days, that she was trained with the thoroughness that prepared to the adoption of boys. Her vivacity, sympathetic face, her keen brain, her singularly sweet, vibrating voice, are good. But her work remains and will live. "Pickwick, Pelisha, and Oliver Twist" are as much a delight to the during literature which is in place not only on library shelves and in parlor rooms, but wherever intelligent people read to learn.

WHAT RUINED HIM.

For years he wooed a Boston maid
With actions most demure,
And so much culture he displayed,
He thought he had her sure.

He talked of Browning by the hour—
His accent was just right;
And then he held her in his power
Until one fatal night.

In mighty wrath the maiden rose,
For by accident
In speaking of high art in clothes
He left his h's unspent.

FOUR CONQUERORS.

BY E. WATTERSON FORD.

The transcendent power and fame with which great men have risen at all different periods endowed various men done no doubt with the same ability as a total destruction of their hopes could bring. The possession of the wealth of their power, just as they might have expected it, was accompanied by a series of their tremendous achievements.

Alexander the Great was the first of those four in point of time. At a period when men were in the habit of not beginning to mount the first step of success until they were past the middle of their power. With a thirst for conquest that was unquenchable, he overcame all difficulties that opposed him. At the age of twenty-three he was the undisputed master of Greece, and before he was thirty-three he had conquered the greater part of the then known world. His military genius was extraordinary, his superior in warfare at that period of the world was dazzled by the rapidity, scope, and magnificence of his conceptions. He was looked upon as a sort of demigod. And this, even to the present day, when there were no more worlds to conquer, he performed the greatest of his achievements. His mighty empire melted like a mist before the sunlight, and he himself was as his life work went, apparently, for nothing.

Hannibal's life and fate were also apparently wasted and squandered. He was a genius who had only the best interests of his country at heart. In the wars of Carthage against Rome he carried the war into Italy, and for fifteen years he was victorious. He was brought back to the very gates of Rome. For more than a score of years he was engaged in supporting his forces upon the enemy, and during that time he never received a penny from his country. It is certain that the Roman mothers would quiet their children with the name of the Hannibal name. Finally—when old in years—he was driven forth and defeated. He had made a record in his way unparalleled. Invincible as an army-leader. Yet in his old age he was driven from the country of his own country by the other and failing to rest his head upon the bosom of his native land, and died, an exile, by his own hand.

Julius Cæsar is by many considered the most remarkable man who ever lived. To him all is still. As a statesman, orator, historian, and general he stands unrivaled. His career was one of victory from start to finish. He was many times consul, and, to have extended his fame, he succeeded in a single campaign in defeating Pompey, conquered Gaul and Britain, and became the absolute and virtual dictator of the Roman Republic, was assassinated in the senate. As the overwhelming intellect was not vigorously assailed by the dagger of the assassin, so he lived upon in a world of renown.

In our own times, we have Napoleon Bonaparte, whose career is so well known by familiar with the salient points of his career to require more preparation. Of brilliant and terrorizing Europe, he spent his last fifteen years of his life on the lonely island in the South Atlantic. He died guarded and surrounded by the most formidable enemies, thousand of miles from wife, child and friends. He was one of the saddest examples in modern times, of what the fate of the great will be when they are down who so crosses.

The story of the four common results of a study of history as to draw a moral. It is the moral that the man who succeeds, whether with his own mind controlling or with the aid of others, is the man who is truly great. He died guarded and surrounded by the most formidable enemies, thousand of miles from wife, child and friends. He was one of the saddest examples in modern times, of what the fate of the great will be when they are down who so crosses.

FOOD ADULTERATIONS.

BY EDDIE RACINE.

Some very startling facts, which have a tendency to cause agitation in favor of pure food, have been gathered by the chemists of the United States.

Glucose, it appears, is the greatest of all adulterants. It is used in the manufacture of cheap candies, sugars, jellies and syrups. A vivid notion of the extent to which it is employed may be had when it is known that ten pounds of it is manufactured every minute of the twenty-four by each man, woman and child. It is prepared from corn starch, and is sold to the confectioners and jellies in the market are purely artificial productions, being the great combination of cochineal and flavoring extracts. More than one-half of the jellies sold in the city nipple jelly, colored and flavored, with a small proportion of fruit juice in it.

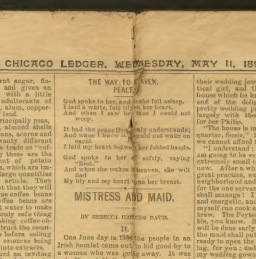
Cheap confectionery and sugars are the articles most injurious and adulterated. Candy commonly contains much lead oil and other poisons. A plate of strawberry ice-cream often contains more lead oil than five glasses of pure whisky. It is colored with red aniline dye. Chocolate candies are colored with a deadly carbon compound. Milk is frequently nothing but water, with a small decoye of crude alcohol and aniline coloring. Brandy is rectified alcohol from grain, or the refuse of beet-root re-

fineries, colored with burnt sugar, flavored with oil of cognac, and given an agreeable woody taste with a little catechu. Among other adulterants of liquors are vitriol, opium, alum, copperas, log wood and sugar of lead.

Package coffees are principally pumice stone and ground, almond shells treated with aniline prints, acorns and chickory. There are twenty different coffee substitutes known to chemists, besides adulterations. Among these are the following: Dandelion root, rye, wheat starch and other cereals, coffee-beans imported from Germany in the green state for mixing with the real article. This can be detected by the fact that they will sink in water, while genuine coffee-beans will float. Shriveled coffee beans are sometimes soaked in salt water to make them look plump. The only safe thing to buy the poorest kind of coffee unadulterated. It is useful to extract the essential oils from coffee beans before roasting, the latter as coffee, the essences being manufactured separately into extracts.

Spices of all kinds afford an inviting field for the exercise of fraudulent skill. They are almost always sold in the form of powder, and are cheap substances to serve as a substitute. Peas and beans are largely employed for flavoring cocoa, the production of which, from cocoa shells, is a very cheap substitute. Even any kind of spice can be readily manufactured by the retail grocer, his grinder and his imagination being the only limit. These products are variously known as "P. Q. pepper," "A. 1. ginger," and "all clove" and so on. They are sold by the pound, and are made to appear cheap to cleanse the genuine articles they represent. Cayenne pepper is the favorite adulteration how much of the red stuff in this country is not genuine!

Almost any sort of refuse serves very well to supply the cocoa preparations. For black pepper the producer constructs a mixture of the dust of the pepper mill, the corn-meal, linseed-meal, wheat, rice, and particularly mustard-husks. These are put in a mass and of corn meal by simply grinding them together. Allspice is composed of pounded burnt pepper-corn dust and corn. Mace is mostly cocoa-nut-meal and flavoring extracts. Ginger pepper is chiefly ground rice, flour and red lead. Mustard is flour and cayenne pepper. Whatever substances may be employed, roasting gives the powder then the proper color, while a sifting of finely powdered charcoal, with a dash of corn-meal into black pepper at short notice. One firm in New York city puts



on the market five thousand pounds of these spurious articles daily, for the purpose of adulteration, advertising to supply the trade only. Their cheap substitutes are sold at a large profit.

The lower forms of the clove tree, known as the Zanzibar clove, is the most fraudulently subjected, before they are sold, to a process by which their essential oil is removed, the latter being marketed as an "essence of cloves." Even the shelly dealer does not permit the clove tree to escape his notice, but has added to them clove stems, allspice and other such shells. What is known as "essences of coffee" consists mostly of burnt molasses. The flavoring extracts used in the household are nearly all of them mixtures of acetic acid and other substances which do not give the flavor of their names. The oil of lemon is a mixture of acetic acid and other ingredients. Bologna sausage is putted meat of unhealthy animals, containing both saltpetre and Venetian red. Flour is weighted with soapstone. Vinegar is sometimes made with water, sharpened with oil of vitriol, and colored with burnt sugar. Cream of tartar is made from alum and salt. It costs sixteen cents a gallon to make it, and sells for fifteen and fifty cents a gallon. Maple sugar is made from beet-root juice and glucose. Honey is also an extensive adulteration. Glucose, it appears, is the greatest of all adulterants. It is used in the manufacture of cheap candies, sugars, jellies and syrups. A vivid notion of the extent to which it is employed may be had when it is known that ten pounds of it is manufactured every minute of the twenty-four by each man, woman and child. It is prepared from corn starch, and is sold to the confectioners and jellies in the market are purely artificial productions, being the great combination of cochineal and flavoring extracts. More than one-half of the jellies sold in the city nipple jelly, colored and flavored, with a small proportion of fruit juice in it.

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GOOD ADVICE.

Are you fond of good reading? Do you admire excellent stories? Then read The Saturday Blade every week.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN. PEACE.

God spoke to her, and bade fall asleep,
I took a white, white rose in my heart,
And when I saw her hand I could not weep,
Only I felt a great peace.

It had the peace that only understands;
And when I knew my child had woke or slept,
I felt my heart beat slow, her folded hands.

God spoke to her of softly, saying
"Rest."
And when she raised them heaven, she will
My life and my love I gave her breast.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

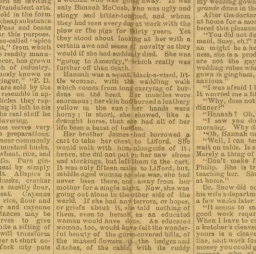
BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

II.

One June day in 1890 the people in an Irish hamlet came out in a high good by a woman who was going away. It was Mary Hannah McCrab, who was very stingy and bitter-tongued, and whom they had met every day at work with a pail or the pigs for thirty years. Yet they showed that day how well they loved her when a neighbor, who was going to America, "which really was the end of the world."

Hannah was a squat, black-eyed, ill-favored woman, with dull walking walk which comes from long carrying of burdens on the head. Her faculties were enormous; her skin hardened a leather gallop to what she had to bear; her tongue, in short, she showed, like a rasp which tears what it touches. Her life been a bastard of bitterness.

Her brother had borrowed a few cars to take her chest to Lifford. Sift, the driver of the cars, was waiting at the fence, she did not put to her new shoes and stockings, but left them on her feet. It was only fifteen miles to Lifford, but, with the right woman not used to walk, it never been there, nor away from her father's house. She had never been in a train nor slept in a bed outside of the wood. She had never seen a fork or house, although about half a mile from them, even to herself, as an educated person would have done. The strange woman, too, would have felt the wonder, for here of the nineteenth century in the massed towns of the largest and duches, of the cabin with the rushy



Yours very sincerely
Amelia B. Edwards

their wedding journey. She was a practical girl, and thoughts of the little house which he had rented and furnished, and of the delight of arranging her pretty wedding presents in it, mingled largely with the raptures of her love for her Phelps.

"The house is in a very unfashionable quarter, though," he said one day; "and we cannot afford to keep two servants." "Of course not," she answered; "I am going to be very thrifty and cut an extremely economical figure in our calico gown. After a while, when you have a good practice, we will move into a more fashionable and genteel locality. As for the other servant, I am young, strong and energetic, and neat and pretty. I myself can cook and bake and wash and brew. The Peyton women are all capable housewives." And she was very well she does early in the day, and then she will be ready to open the door, ready to greet her husband with a kiss and a smile on her face. There are those stupid McCosbes, now. Bella was married in January, and had a big house in Kensington—imitation Queen Anne, you know—and piles of flowers, and that sort of thing; and Bessy McCosbe called to see her, and gave her advice."

"I went one cards for a reception the other day," said Susy, laughing. "Did you ever see such a thing? Two dozen cards of invitation, with the names of the guests written in gold and chromo paper, and a little verse of poetry at the top giving receptions, it is missionary work among the poor, and I am interested in it."

"Your woman is perfect," said Emily, with a little heat; "and it is because I have taught her to understand and then to do an hour. Work and wages, that is the only kind of service I will tolerate this morning. Why did she not do that?"

"She is a stupid creature," said Phelps.

"Well, I can testify that she cannot be called stupid," said Susy, laughing. "Merely a thing of beauty!"

"Why, she is the pet of the poor soul, Phelps. She is trying so hard! I am sure she will do well, if you will be patient with her."

So Susy did not often meddle with Phelps' domestic affairs, because, for a few weeks later he said to her:

"Susy, I wish you would attend to that good work requires the proper tool. You have a head for such things, and I have a butler's cleaver. That field hand of yours is a fool. I will not have her in the house, and work for you. For the same money you can get a competent woman, who at least would not be aggravating."

"Then what would become of Hannah?" said Susy, reasonably. "She never once made a competent cook she could not be trusted. It is not her fault her way who will teach her? She would be miserable anywhere else. I cannot turn her off."

"It is essential that Hannah should be taught," said Phelps, with a sigh, and tubing up his hat.

"Poor Hannah!" she replied, after a little pause. "She has an old mother and brother and sister, all miserably poor, in Ireland. She is trying to bring them over. It is the only thing she has left here. If I can help her to do it, I will."

"Yes, by working yourself over the range, and keeping the house in order," said Phelps, with a frown. "Susy, you are very foolish. Let your duties be performed."

She kissed him, laughing, pressed a long curl back from his forehead, and left him alone. Her eyes grew troubled and sad as soon as the door closed. It was pleasant to have a skilled servant and keep the house in order, but the burden on her shoulders. Yet the chance had been given her to do a good work, and she was glad of it.

Hannah was lazy, she said, I say, she was dull, she was stupid, she was a fool, but she was a woman, and a human being, and I say, she was a woman, and a human being, and I say, she was a woman, and a human being, and I say,

UNDER THE DAISIES.

BY HATTIE FYNG GRISWOLD.

I have just been listening, the livelong day,
To the sighs and tones of loving,
And all of its power for pleasure or pain
Seem closely, sadly pressing;
And all that is left of the bright, bright dream
Is with its thousand brilliant phases,
The shadow of dust in a cabin nid—
The dust 'neath the daisies.
The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

And thus forever throughout the world
Where'er the daisies grow,
Is love's story the same thing in life,
Into the saddest of all is strung,
Love often proves stronger than death,
Stern fortune the high wall raises,
But better far than the hearts estranged
Is a love grave starred with daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.
The snowy, snowy daisies.

And so I am glad that we lived as we did
Through the summer of love together,
And that we've tried and by death we've
tried
Its the coming of winter weather.
For the coldness of love is love's growing
cold,
And the sin one of the surest phases,
For I know my God with a trusting heart,
And better for those who trust estranged,
The loneliest, heartiest daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

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HECKER'S GAL.

The Story of a Mountain Murder.

By S. LEWIS.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MINIATURE.

ST. Robert Wallace sat at his desk in the private office. He had not examined the morning mail. There was a letter upon his brow; his face looked shrunken and old. Grave care had been busy with it, expectantly turned the door.

The young man at the other desk was writing rapidly. He had a great deal of work on hand that morning. As he finished each letter he addressed and enveloped, for the girl who sat at the little table had not yet put in an appearance.

The head of the publishing house glanced up impatiently at each of the lines. When the postman entered with the second delivery of mail he handed the letter and asked him to please wait until it on his way through the corridor bore the address of Mrs. Ward, Christie Manse.

As Francis Jones bent industriously to give his work, forgetful of all but the divided attention, there would come fleeting before the mental vision of pictures that the future life held out to him.

The young man had been married on the previous evening. It had come about quite a hasty and strange marriage, for the new young girl had looked and had answered the solemn questions she was asked for him now in these two rooms that so suddenly meant home to her. And now, this morning, she was left as a comfortable resting place where a husband might leave her while he went to duty named labor.

It would seem that the young wife was wrong. That the business man, the head of the planetary latter to Mrs. Ward, requesting the privilege of making her the subject of the marriage, or was she sitting reading, and not at all interested in the letter?

The secretary was just a little perturbed as to what the head of the house would think of this episode. He was one of those men who would not like to be disturbed and explained his matter. Mr. Ward, on the other hand, was a man who took into quite an agitated state.

The girl asked: "What could have happened?"

He said for a detective to whom he had given orders that Miss Turner was to be watched, and that protected from her journey to and from the publishing house. Suddenly the man had been affecting his duty. He could not understand how the young girl could possibly have disappeared between the publishing house and her home.

As a picture the secretary rose and stood how she did. She did it with a kind of leisure though in reality he was eager to be off.

The girl's face changed like lightning at the mention of the name. Her color came and went. She was pleased to be complimented by her grandfather in your wife?" asked the girl.

"Yes," said the young man, "she is my wife. I am glad you have met her. She made her my wife so hastily. I regret that you were not present. Had he misjudged the chief? Perhaps. But he had acted quickly.

It was only for an instant that he thought of the matter. Then he had left and followed the detective. Now, as he noticed distinctly three little black spots on the white envelope that lay there, the hair was brushed back in the fashion of a past day, and there was a curl which served by contrast to show off the whitening fairness of the face.

Francis Jones went through the outer room and down the stairs to the door. He took a car at the corner. The car seemed to him to move very slowly. Once or twice he half made up his mind to walk, but he knew that the slow car was leaving rapidly pedestrians in the lurch. He left the car at the right time, and he fairly ran up the flight of steps leading to the one room suite. He was not waiting for him. She came to him, she was in his arms again. He took her in his arms and clasped her to him, gazing at her with happy eyes. Then, with a sudden remembrance, he brushed back a little black curl that had fallen over her bright clear face.

They sat together talking, he holding her hands in both of his. They kissed, they were, he said, and laughed when she blushed.

His praises were music to her. What had she done to merit such love? What did this man's love? And yet he had told her that he loved her with his whole heart and soul.

CHAPTER XV.

"I AM GLAD HE MARRIED HIS WIFE."

A curious thing occurred the next day in the private office. There sounded a knock at the door. In response to the cry: "Come in," a middle-aged woman with a rather rich dress and general air betokened the respectable upper servant. She sat down at the invitation of the head of the publishing house, but she did not seem very much at her ease.

"Have you discovered anything yet?" she asked timidly.

The face of Mr. Williams was not pleasant to look upon as he replied: "I have lost the track for awhile; the young lady has disappeared."

"Disappeared!" cried the woman, losing all her timidity in her astonishment. "Oh, dear, what will the poor grandfather do if it comes to naught?"

"It will not come to naught if there is one good detective in the city," muttered the head of the firm. He was irritable and nervous. He hardly noticed the woman in the room.

"I thought the girl was safe when I was making the investigation. I had her down in the country, and never any spy, he continued. "I engaged a special detective, and he was to watch her and report. I do not see how any harm could come to her. I have my efforts be known to anything about the matter until I was ready to make my report to the family."

During this conversation the young man had been sitting at his desk apparently comfortable sensations. He had thought that he had left behind him forever the woman who had found her way to the office. He had come back to her with the second delivery of mail.

He would not help overhearing your conversation," he said, raising his head. "If I am not intruding could ask a few questions on the subject you were discussing?"

The woman looked up timidly to the person. The woman motioned the secretary to the door. He left, and then she got hastily toward the door.

A frightened expression crept into the eyes which had been gazing on them noted how young and handsome the man was. His features were fine, and those that have goodness stamped upon them. The bright daughter of the millionaire. "It is all about the poor old gentleman's grandchild," she said. "I am interested in her because she is a young girl."

He was well aware of it then.

"I am sorry to say that the circumstances are such as far as he can understand them at present," he said, "that you can do nothing but wait for the track of the young lady."

"And you would not like to have me go to the old grandfather's house?" she asked.

"I, Francis," she cried, "the two little children are my home. Is it not the old grandfather to do with me?"

He laughed. He was still ill-pleased. She should not leave the two little children yet awhile. She should not be rushed into all the grandeur that was waiting her. It was not for her husband he thought. She will get used to it soon enough. "My darling," he said, "I will wish you were to you next! Will you wake up some morning and forget that you are a princess?"

"I was so happy," sighed the girl.

"And you would not desire me to leave in these two little rooms than fly off to the old grandfather?" he said.

"O

THE THINGS IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

There are whips and toys and pieces of string,
There are shoes which no little feet wear;
There are bits of the rubbish a child will bring,
And treasure of golden hair.

There are clothes laid carefully away
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty pinafores that never are worn,
There are toys and models of ships;
There are little suits not yet faded and torn,
And mixed in the finger tips
Of crimped hands that have fallen to rest:
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is best.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul
Sometimes when I try to pray,
That the Keeper has spared so many feet,
And taken all mine away.
And I almost think that the Lord can hear
That a mother's heart can have been so.

They wander far in distant climes,
And they tread on the mountain snow,
And their hands are filled with the direst crime,
That shuts the wrath of God.
Yet a mother's song has soothed them to sleep
She has failed them to slumber upon her breast
And then I think of my children then,
My beloved ones that are waiting and watching
And know they are waiting and watching for me
In the city with streets of gold whose walls are
Of the jasper stone.
Then sorrow and sin can be no more,
And the tears shall be falling tears,
For the things in the bottom drawer.

A WOMAN'S ENERGY.

Soon after Mrs. Swinehahn had begun her work among the wounded soldiers in the civil war, she entered a Washington hospital one morning and went about to see a patient in whom she was greatly interested, and who had had her first in short time before. He was sleeping, and she sat down at his bedside. She could not live long, and might have some further messages to send to his wife. Presently the nurse came and went, and spoke on his face. It darkened, and his breathing grew shorter—then ceased. She called the nurse, and he thought a moment, and then said: "He is dead. The rest of the story is told in her own words.

By the sudden change in his face when he saw the corpse I knew that he was alarmed, and even the hardened nurse in charge of the sanitary commission last week, and got half a box."

"Seven hundred and half a box of lemons! How many wounded have you?"

"Seven hundred fifty."

"Seven hundred and fifty wounded men! Hospital property! Seven boxes of lemons!"

"Well, that was all we could get. Government provides some; but our chaplain is from Boston. His wife has a million friends there, and expects a box next week."

"To Boston for a box of lemons?"

I went to the next room, where one was writing materials, and I wrote a short note to the New York Tribune.

"Hospital gangrene has broken out in Washington, and we have been using lemons. Lemons! LEMONS! So man or woman can send us lemons, and we can accumulate a box or two. We have all they need. Send us lemons."

I signed my name and called the note immediately, and it appeared the next morning. The night solicitor called me a box of lemons to my lodgings, and five dollars in a note, telling me send for more if more were wanting; but that day lemons began to pour in by hundreds and tens, I think, into every hospital in the land.

Gov. Andrew sent two hundred boxes to the surgeon-general. I received so many that at one time there were twenty letters, several of them with ambulances, awaiting below which came to my address, and if there was room for another box of grass that season, I neither saw nor heard of it.

A BOX COAT.

Below we give an illustration of a box coat of new fashion. The collar is of darker tan velvet. It buttons double

breasted fashion with two rows of white pearl buttons, the size of a silver half dollar. The material is camel's hair.

SANDWICHES.

For Sandwich.—Cut the buttered bread into rounds with a cake cutter. Rub the yolks of hard-boiled eggs to a smooth paste with the best salad oil to express paper and salt. Allow one yolk and six drops of oil to a sandwich. Mound the mixture on the rounds of bread, garnishing with a large cup cut from the whites.

Lettuce sandwiches should be placed on the same platter with the preceding. Chop the whites left from the previous recipe and mix with a thick mayonnaise dressing. Then lettuce leaves and lightly toss into the mixture. Place on thin buttered bread and serve at once. The lettuce must not be added until the last moment before serving, as its charm is gone if allowed to wilt.

Radish sandwiches are a novelty. The small, round radish is chosen, and slices so thin as paper are shaved across. These are laid on fancy shaped pieces of buttered bread. The white sides outlined with red are placed so as to cover the sandwich, forming quite an ornamental feature of the dish.

Cucumber sandwiches are another favorite with the young. To origin Small pickled cucumbers and capers are used for this occasion. The vinegar must be wiped off and the thin slices of cucumber laid between the capers on the bread. Originality and taste may be displayed in arranging them.

Nice sandwiches are prepared as above, sliced olives being used. They are sliced lengthwise and the pits removed.

These fancy sandwiches must not be piled upon one another. Several pieces may be put on individual plates, upon one platter, covered, of course, with a doily. They should be lifted to the plate with a silver shovel.

"WA'S PET."

The little boy patted himself out of the puddle, wiped his rude playmates off the shores of him. He wiped the mud from his velvet trousers, his silk shock, eyes and his low collar, and straightened out his long, golden curls as well as three demoralized and half-scared small boys would permit. "This," he said, bitterly, "is what comes of being mistook little pet."

"HYGIENE."

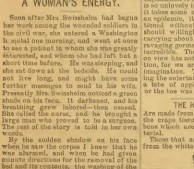
There are people who sit down at the breakfast table on chilly mornings and eat mush, and then wonder at the sore throats and cold water out of a mug of milk. Then there are those who eat mush without any digestion and all that are indigestible and then wonder why they are sick. Mush is a delicious dish when properly cooked, and is always on hand, and is relished by all. It is a great aid to digestion. When one chooses to consult a physician for any disease or personal inclination or taste is the only explanation is required of him. Disease is so uniformly in its essence that, unless it takes some new and unexpected form as an epidemic, it ought not to be necessary to describe it to the doctor.

Mush should willingly admit that they are not responsible for the sickness and the ravaging germs and local rebellions seem to be making. The fact that they are on view has nothing to do with the situation. Mush is not to be held responsible for the sins of the beliefs. It is the entertainment of his sore too for a bite of apple is not objectionable, or the tea was already in evidence.

THE HANGING FRAMES

Are made from pasteboard covered with the crape tissue, and suspended by ribbons which are tied from the corners of the frame.

These that are illustrated were made from the white paper, and the edges were



gilded with gilt paper in an irregular way.

The flowers are pink, with fine green stems and leaves, and pink is used to tie the ribbons at the four corners.

It would be difficult to find anything more effective than these photographs than this unique arrangement.

HEALTH HINTS.

It is said that the Connecticut Yankee may be stopped by putting a drop of cold water in his ear. The writer has always been of this opinion, and has frequently advised tightly closing the ears by pressing the hands against them at the first sign of a sneeze. It has been demonstrated that the application of cold water to the ear will the seat of trouble in thirty-eight cases out of forty, and in the other seven it is of some use. Take two ounces of spirits camphor, one capful of sea salt, two ounces of water. Mix well. Put in a bottle and fill up with boiling water. Shake well. Put in a vaporizer and inhale the fumes.

Fresh air daily is fruitful in teething, get a penny-worth of honey of roses from the chemist and rub it on the gums with it. This is soothing, and helps on the teeth. Keep the child's bowels free. Never refuse to allow mother to put her finger in baby's mouth to feel the teeth. Many a child has died of fear of it, and many a mother sadly admit the finger when first refused it.

Don't forget that there is more teeth in a sunburn of a dress, more likely to pass for than in the physician's visit. The sunlight on the face is much better than that here dresses fade your cheeks. The sun may not be so shady with the face, but it is better tanned and freckled than pale and sickly.

Don't forget that the administration of sweet oil, or castor oil, is generally a cop at once, is almost a specific in biliary colic, and is far more safe than stone. The application of hot cloths to the abdomen, followed by water with a general treatment by a medical attendant, not only relieves pain, but gives the effects a cure in the majority of cases.

Putting a hot sand bag to the side of the eye to get out a cinder which has accidentally blown into it has been a common method of shedding a nuisance, but to accomplish this object in this way the sand has been moistened by the saliva of the mouth. Now, the saliva of the mouth is the most dangerous thing to put in the eye, be it a foreign body, but also frequently produces an inflammation of the eye from the action of the eyeball against the cinder and subsequent irritation of the eyelid. The remedy may seem novel to many but it has been successfully tested by countless in this city who never start on a journey without a bottle of the stuff somewhere in their baggage where it can readily reached in case of the accidental cinder in the course of a railway journey.

It is not every one who knows how beneficial hot milk is for one who is recovering from illness or who is from any cause physically weak. Milk may be boiled in so high a temperature as it can be drunk or sipped above one hundred degrees, but not to the boiling point, and it is of great value as a refreshing stimulant in cases of overexertion, both of mental. To mind people who like milk, but who cannot drink it, a little of it in a small matter compared with the benefit to be got from it. Its action is exceedingly prompt and grateful, and the effects much more satisfactory and far more lasting than those of any alcoholic drink whatever. It supplies real strength as well as exhilaration, which alcohol does not.

GINGHAM DRESS.

A Scotch gingham with small figures is prettily trimmed with the fancy cross stitch embroidery. The waist is plain, and buttoned up over a vest of the same embroidery, which is edged on either side with a narrow ruffle of the gingham. The sleeves are plain puffs, and are trimmed in front in sharp, deep points which grow smaller as they reach to the shoulder. Cuffings of velvet ribbon finish the

GINGHAM DRESS.

sleeves. The skirt is gored down the front and sides, and is trimmed with these same embroidered points. The waistband is of velvet ribbon, covered, of course, with a ruffle. The gingham is lifted to the plats with a silver shovel.

LOVE IN THE HOME-LIFE.

There are people who sit down at the breakfast table on chilly mornings and eat mush, and then wonder at the sore throats and cold water out of a mug of milk. Then there are those who eat mush without any digestion and all that are indigestible and then wonder why they are sick. Mush is a delicious dish when properly cooked, and is always on hand, and is relished by all. It is a great aid to digestion. When one chooses to consult a physician for any disease or personal inclination or taste is the only explanation is required of him. Disease is so uniformly in its essence that, unless it takes some new and unexpected form as an epidemic, it ought not to be necessary to describe it to the doctor.

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THE BOY AND THE BIRD.

MY REASON is a little boy,
So weed in the garden till after tea,"
But when I asked him what he'd like,
He answered, "I'd like to play."

So I said, "All right," and he's off in a flash,
And I could hear him singing up there in the ash.

Uncle never used gardens—they never do,
They do as I'd like to, and would if I could;
But I'm glad I've a nephew to help me through.

And such as the branch when they're out on the tree,
"See here, little boy," said the robin to me,
"Though you think I am idle I'm planning
For next spring's nest.

"I'm out to try to catch us the boys are as bad,
Because work, wants, and worries, like
Scientist as God made us—as hard, by
And do what needs doing the best way we

BRUNO AND JIM.

BY M. P. I.

When Bruno's dinner was brought to him he looked at it, and then at Jim, and whined.

Jim was going out, and so Bruno knew he was hungry.

"There," she said to herself, "it's quite a step to the end of the garden, and I'm sure Bruno would rather have me take the trouble to feed him, so I'll go while I have time."

You see, Susan was kind to animals, and could not bear to have them go hungry.

So she put down the plate with the big bone basket on the floor, and Bruno eagerly patted his head. Bruno jumped up on his knees, and began to eat his chain, whining he might go with Susan.

"No, old fellow; Susan cannot take you to-day. You must stay here and take care of the house and eat your nice dinner."

But the cook did not know what was in Bruno's mind.

It was a hot afternoon, and Bruno lay in the patch of shade, and thought and thought.

He thought how pleasant it would be to go to town with Susan—there was so much more to see there, and Bruno knew dogs like to see the world. Then he thought how pleasant it was walking to the butcher's shop, and how kind he was, and a bun shy. "I'll take a nap," he said, "there's nothing happens to-day."

For Bruno did not know that something very important was going on in the cook did.

So he stretched out his paws, and put his head on them, he was soon fast asleep.

Now, all this time a pair of bright eyes were watching, which took things through a crack in the fence. These eyes belonged to Jim, a little boy living called Jim, who lived next door. As

soon as Jim saw that Bruno was hungry, and Bruno's bone looked so nice, he thought he would have it. He saw that Bruno's chain was short, and if he could reach the bone and get it out of reach quickly, he would be safe.

So Jim climbed over the fence into the garden.

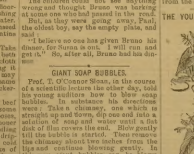
He watched until Bruno was really asleep, and then ran to a place in the fence where a hole had been made, and thought he could get through. But Jim was a chubby little boy, and he slowly stuck and forth until he found a place where he could squeeze himself through.

Very slowly and quietly he came, pulling canes and sticks together, until he was within reach of the bone, then he stopped, and looked at Bruno, who lay in his hurry, it fell with a rattling noise among the sticks. Bruno awoke and jumped up, barking loudly.

Jim was so afraid that he lost the bone, for which he had taken so much trouble, and ran off as fast as he could, leaving Bruno in possession of the bone.

He made so much noise that the children in the house next door, Jim's own home, and came to see what was the matter. Jim was sorry that he was by this time out of sight on the other side of the garden.

The children could not see anything to make all the noise about, but looking at some one who had passed in the road, they saw Bruno with the bone, and Jim the others boy, say the saucy pirate, and



GIANT SOAP BUBBLES.

Prof. T. O'Conor Sloane, in the course of a scientific lecture the other day, told how to manufacture the big soap bubbles. In substance his directions were as follows: Dissolve soap in cold water until it is about the consistency of thick cream. Add to this a little glycerine and a few drops of lime cream the soap. Then let the mixture stand for a few days. Finally add a little more soap and it is ready for use. Dip a clay pipe stem in the solution and blow gently. The bubbles will rise slowly and float off in the air. Their beauty is the most delightful feature of the experiment. Prof. Sloane says that the bubbles can be made to last for days by keeping them in a damp place.

HARD WORDS.

In the days when teachers were few and far between, and Webster's dictionaries, an old-fashioned Irish schoolmaster had a habit of calling his pupils up to him and telling them many hard words to spell. Among the number was the word "Cincinnati," which he would pronounce "Sinsinnaty." One day he called up a little boy to spell the word, and the boy, who was a bit of a wag, spelled it "C-i-n-c-i-n-n-a-t-i." "Wrong," said the master, "you've left out the 'sin' in the middle." "Faith, sir," said the boy, "I thought it was a city, and not a sin."

THE LITTLE BIRD BELLS.

It's strange how little boys' mothers can find it all on as they do.
If a fellow does anything naughty,
Or says anything that's not true,
They'll look at you just for a moment,
And then they'll look at you sorrowful,
And they'll look for a minute or two.

For a little bird tells!

You may be in the depths of the closet
Or up in the garret so high,
Or you may sit down in the cellar,
You may be on the top of the house;
But they know by some power or other
Or ask in the words and the drifts—
They'll watch you, and they'll find you out,
The little bird tells!

And the only way to escape is to stop him
Is just to be sure what you say
Is of your mother all the time before,
Some of your work and your play;
And then you can look at the sky
And then you can look at the sea,
And then you can laugh at the stories
The little bird tells.

ARE YOU ONE
of 1,505,000 readers of the Chicago Ledger who failed to call on us to-day? Do. Buy a copy and realize what you have missed. You'll never go without it afterward. The Ledger stands alone.

A SMALL BOY MAKES A TRADE.
A Brooklyn boy, nine or ten years old, began several months ago to save money to buy a gun. His parents and relatives humored his whims, and, having amiss his pocket, he delighted other contributions very rapidly. The youngster had no idea of the purchasing power of money, but he started out with the notion that a gun was a gun, and that he would have enough to buy the best one made. He has not made up his mind, he breaks it open, and his mother has not yet decided what to do with it. "That is not enough to buy a pony," he said.

"But I guess I'll take a bicycle," said the boy.

The latter is a good story, and the boy started out to explore the neighborhood in search of bicycles. He knew boys, and when he reached home he had no idea of the price of a bicycle. Mark Twain, from Maine who was speaker of the house of representatives in 1881, and who has considered it a great hardship to be called "Mister Speaker," and "I'm afraid my receipts for these."

The boy's parents found out just how able to find the other party to that bargain.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Bacon fat can also be used in place of lard, but mutton dripplings will only answer for frying fish, potatoes, and other things that have been cooked before.

Old clothes, instead of being thrown away, may be made useful by washing with equal quantities of soda and borax. Soak in water, rinse, and boil. Oil or beeswax is used instead of turpentine by some.

Matting should never be soaped. Take up one of those which are not nailed down, then wipe it with a clean cloth wrung out of cold water, and sprinkle it dry as quickly as you can, so that it may not remain damp underneath. The same remark applies to the cleaning of wickerwork.

Housekeepers will find that good beer will answer for many of the same kinds of pastry, and for frying purposes, as well as the best, and is much cheaper than lard. Clarify it by pouring boiling water in it, and when it is cold, add pipkin, letting it stand till cold again. Then pour off the beer from the fat and scraping off the impurities from the bottom. Keep in a cool place and sweet.

There are various preparations that can be bought for polishing furniture, but it is a question if any of them answer to a mixture of one-third linseed oil and two-thirds turpentine. Rub well with a woollen before use. Then the furniture will look as well as new. Another way is to rub it well with body do a small area at a time, and polish off with a soft duster. Then soft velvety, ending up with a little linseed oil.

Here are some of the most valuable

MY DEAD FRIEND.

BY E. L. STEDMAN.

Adown the vale of life together
We walked in spring and summer weather,
When days were fine, when days were fair,
Ah! then.

My friend or whom God's will bereft me,
How kind and sweet you were to me!
And want forth in the Christian Night,

I saw him grow more jaded,
I saw his cheek grow pallid—pallid,
And when I spoke to him of God
Christ, so angelic, bring all his word
He had no faith, he had no courage,
He had no hope in the future life.

This is his grave. The spring will flowers
Decrease it in the morning hours,
And summer will bring roses (red)
And summer grass of emerald,
And weeping water smiles—or less,
Her solemn thoughts express.

Deep is his sleep. He would not awaken
Though we should to her cruelest shaken
By the loud thunder of a God.
Though when the storm comes down upon
With waiting waves rock earth and heaven

He would not answer from the dead
Though we should call him, though the storm
Clouds in the night and shadows of the
Over the grasses on thy grave;
But forever under the roses love
Then,
And the tall oaks that lower above thee
Their broad, green leaves o'er thee

Keep, while the weary years are flying
While men are busy, while men are toiling
Sleep on in thy curtained couch of sod,
Thou who hast gone from us to the land
Thine to the silent peace of God!

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"THE LAND OF MOCONDO."

Sailing in the Air About the South Pole.

By D. Sand N. H. IVINS.

CHAPTER XXVII.
"HOMEWARD BOUND."

All was hustle and confusion on board the Polaris as she lay at anchor in her accustomed place in the open court back of the capital building of the city of Bunglyn. It was Monday morning of December 15. We were upon the point of taking our departure from the beautiful Antarctic continent, to begin our long voyage to the United States of America.

We had made many friends amongst the people of Moconde, not to mention the endearing attachments which we formed between Prof. Anderson and the crew of the Polaris—more especially Capt. Boyd and his officers. The leave-taking, therefore, was a very sad one, and attended with much sadness upon the part of Prof. Anderson and his people, and it is a subject that I fain would pass over in silence were it not the imperative duty to chronicle the grave as well as the gay scenes of our eventful voyage. The vast concourse of people who lined the quay, and the hand-shaking and sobbing that went on between the natives and their friends, Prof. Anderson, his people, and the officers and crew of the Polaris, when, with the ringing of gongs, they and the last parting farewell was said to the principal men of the capital of Quody, big tears rolled down his cheeks as he spoke:

"It is probably our lot, friends, ever to meet again in this world, but I pray that May God watch over you and protect you on and over the waters of the wide world."

The parting between the ladies was a touching one, and one that I will not specially object to turn my eyes from; at length it was over, and everything being in readiness, the powerful machinery of the Fourth Line Mail Steamer, Polaris, proud grew fully above the small tugs, which towed them out to sea, and then, with a last wild wave of hands, we were left to ourselves, but still we had a good speedy journey.

Continuing onward directly over the majestic Wasingo peak, from which elevation could see a full and perfect view of the beautiful Moconde valley, and the mighty river Quody as it flowed over the waters of the great Antarctic ocean.

Veering to the left, we pursued a course a little west of south for a distance of two hundred miles, when, having crossed the mountain range of Bunglynde, we continued due north, descending to the British colony of Natal, on a parallel west of Africa. We had proceeded but about twenty miles from the continent of Moconde, when we encountered a severe snow-storm in the Pentares, and we were immediately obliged to descend to a lower level to escape comfortable. Here we found ourselves in a furious snow-storm, which drove everything before it.

Capt. Boyd and I took our accustomed place in the deck cabin, and we continued nearly an hour, and was the most fortunate of this kind we had ever encountered. Then we came into the bright sunshine, and as the cold was becoming intense, the atmosphere being filled with the most beautiful and sparkled and glistened, reflecting prismatic colors of the most brilliant hue. Beneath us, as we swiftly flew onward, we observed the same glaciers and ice fields of vast extent.

Capt. Boyd and I continued in these wonderful ice fields for over a hundred miles, when they suddenly terminated in a vast sea of fine ice, amid which were numberless bergs of the most fantastic forms, the following a strange, westerly gale, and, to the best of my knowledge, we were the first ever to have flown over it.

The immense machinery of the Polaris caused a good speed, and in a very short space, as a sailing vessel might do in blowing through a bay, the last of the huge bergs blown never ceased their rapid revolutions, and we were soon left behind, passed by the shrieking of the wind, was, at times, intense.

Presently we observed this, vapory clouds forming at a distance on the surface of the ocean, often enveloping the gigantic icebergs for a time entirely from view. We realized that the presence of these clouds was indicative of a warmer climate, and that we had been traveling through, and, for further part of the day, over the immense patches of the blue ocean entirely free from ice.

I could not but admire the beautiful appearance of many of the icebergs, as they floated in those open patches of the blue waves, flashing out gloriously to the sun, with a sparkling of little upon their whitenese, as if tens of twenty different colors had been studied upon their craggy steeps, and then, fading and waning in the dull, veiled shadowing of the passing clouds. I particularly marked a very brilliant scene of the opening of five or six of them to the sunshine. They lay in a shape that the shadow of the cloud covered them all, as with a veil, but in spite of which, trending, left them to loop, one after another, into the bright sunshine, and, as each one shot from the shadow, the flash was like the volcanic eposion, and the waters, enriched with the primitive hues of emerald, ruben, sapphires, and gems of every kind.

It was on the morning of the 5th, and after passing north of the fifteenth degree of south latitude, we were favored with fairly free of ice; but the wind was still having a heavy gale, and the cold was yet considerable on deck for any length of time. We had now left the Polar Sea to southern horizon for a couple of hours, and we found that we had run over only now five hours high, although it was yet the 5th of December.

The sea was a deep blue, having no long billowy seas, and numerous white shoulders of the swell, catching the sunbeam and flashing back with, formed with lightning rapidity to the north and south. The sky was clear of the sea looked to be a mass of leaping dazzle. The air was keen and cold, and the wind, as close as if they were the coast line of the Polar Sea, and we were in the Antarctic Ocean.

Dinner was announced presently, and we were about to descend to the dining-room, when Capt. Boyd clutched my arm excitedly, and with a cry of alarm he gave aboard, he exclaimed:

"Look, Frank! look!" after a slight search I saw the object of me to be distinguished in the part of the Atlantic. I had not, however, long to be puzzled as the sharks. But then it is only a small distance from us, and we will stop for a brief period and explore it."

It was found to be in our course, not more than ten miles ahead, when Capt. Boyd put the ship to it, which increased speeding it was not above a mile from the object when we were close enough to land near the eastern extremity. It was a small, rocky, uninhabited island of about eight miles in length, by two to three in width. The land was mostly undulated and very beautiful in places, with a great variety of trees and shrubs, and it being high summer in that latitude, the foliage was luxuriant. It appeared to rise a series of high peaks or bluffs, which, however, we had not time to make observations, and locate this, to us, unknown land.

CHAPTER XXIX.
THE UNKNOWN ISLAND.

After partaking of dinner, which had been put off for the above purpose, the purpose of anchoring a place to land on the unknown island. Capt. Boyd stated that we would launch both boats in the water, and that I would accompany him in the yawl,

The Colonel's Daughter

By Bluffy O'Neill

In a regiment, much as in a family, the business of one is the concern of all, and it was not long before the love affair of Angelita was canvassed in mess-room and barrack.

Don't tell the little one a brave," said one of the oldest officers in the regiment one evening, in answering it. "I would not say it to her face, but she is a coward, mark my words."

That is strange, too, for Almonte is not a bad fellow, if he does gamble and drink a little more than is good for him, and he can pay for it now. She ought to love him with some other. Who can be he?" queried a second.

"Perhaps it is that young Avion, who has just been appointed to work all the knowledge of a professor of Chapultepec in his head. He undertook to teach me how to care for my horse only yesterday," growled a third.

"Bah, that boy? No. It is no one in the commands, for if Almonte hasn't money enough to merry her, none of the rest have. It may be some protege in the United States of the north, whom she has left behind at school," added another, "that I will wager that she will take Almonte, and that soon, if she is the brave girl I think she is. She ought to love